

**The Microbe of Baldness.**  
No medical subject has caused more discussion than the statement by a famous physician that he has discovered the microbe which causes baldness. There are other scientists who claim that there is no such thing as a microbe of this kind. Time alone must settle the question. It was long ago settled that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a standard remedy for the common ailments of mankind. It is a sure cure for dyspepsia and indigestion, a true medicine for the weak and nervous, a true strengthener and appetizer. People who take it feel happier, sleep sounder and look better than those who don't. Nearly every disease that afflicts the human family can be overcome with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

**The Audubon Girl's Excuse.**  
Miss Fetherstopp to sportsman who is exhibiting his day's shooting—Oh, how could you kill these dear, pretty birds? I think it is positively cruel.  
Sportsman—I suppose you know there is a great demand for these for hat ornamentation.  
Miss Fetherstopp—Oh, of course, if it is a case of necessity, it is perfectly excusable.

**MAGICALLY EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR WEAK MEN OF ALL AGES**  
**FREE TO ALL MEN**  
NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. Wonderful appliance and scientific remedies sent on trial to any reliable man. A world-wide reputation for this cure. Every effort to have married life removed. Full strength, development and tone given to every portion of the body. Failure impossible and no barrier.  
G. O. D. scheme.  
ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Excitement in Cincinnati.**  
At the Chamber of Commerce Harry Rigidon introduced his uncle from the country to Billy Montgomery.  
Billy—What's the matter with the old gentleman? He looks exhausted.  
Harry—Why, he's been running after moving vans all day. Thought they were circus wagons.

**Three Doctors in Consultation.**  
From Benjamin Franklin.  
"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen for a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is best, to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best, to be chosen in the last place. But if you can get Dr. Inclination, Dr. Experience and Dr. Reason to hold a consultation together, they will give you the best advice that can be taken."  
When you have a bad cold Dr. Inclination would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is prepared on scientific principles, and acts on nature's plan in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

**Under False Colors.**  
Miss Wellalong—I don't believe half the men are as black as they are painted.  
Gayboy—No, nor the women as blond as they are bleached.  
Old fashions in dress may be revived, but no old-fashioned medicine can replace Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

**The Real Reason.**  
Smithers—Why don't you run for School Director, Brown?  
Brown—Well, you see, Sir, there is the farm to look after, and the work on the roads, the timber to cut, the strong party feeling, my views on the educational question, my tax theory, my ideas of the money problem, and then, besides my wife wants to run.

Our little boy was afflicted with rheumatism in his knee, and at times unable to put his foot to the floor. We tried in vain, everything we could hear of that we thought would help him. We almost gave up in despair, when some one advised us to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. We did so, and the first bottle gave so much relief that we got a second one, and, to our surprise, it cured him sound and well.—J. T. Hays, Pastor Christian Church, Neodesha, Kan. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

**Willing to Oblige.**  
Sir, began the seedy looking individual as he approached the cashier in a downtown office. I have seen better days, and if you will kindly render me a little assistance—  
I am very sorry, interrupted the cashier, but I can do nothing for you today. Charity should begin at home you know.

Thank you, sir, replied the mendicant as he extracted a memorandum book and pencil from a mysterious recess in his apparel. What is your home address, please, and what time shall I call.

**Festival of Mountain and Plain, Denver, October 4, 5 and 6, 1898.**

The Denver & Rio Grande railway for the above occasion will make the very low rate of \$10.25 for the round trip.  
Tickets on sale October 2 and 3, good to return until October 10. For further information call on or address the undersigned.  
T. J. HELM,  
General Agent.

**Burlington Route**

**President McKinley**  
will visit the Exposition October 12 to inaugurate the Peace Jubilee. For this occasion the Burlington will sell tickets, Denver to Omaha and return at the rate of

**\$13.60,**  
on October 10 and 11, and will operate a special train, leaving Denver 2 p. m. October 10, arriving Omaha 7 a. m. next morning.  
Reservations in Pullman Palace Sleepers will be made for this train on application to  
G. W. Vallenty, Gen'l Agt.,  
1039 17th St., Denver.

**Just What She Didn't Want.**  
Poor Lover—I'd always treat you like an angel.  
She—Yes, with nothing to eat and still less to wear.  
**Resentment.**  
I don't mind these new reform ideas of the Emperor, said Li Hung Chang pensively, but—  
You resent the loss of your yellow jacket and peacock feathers?  
I could go without them, I don't want any embellishments. This effort to decorate me with a bell punch and a cash register is what arouses my resentment.

## THE KELPIE'S POOL.

Fergus Grahame lashed the water—too brown as yet from the spring rains for trout to take freely. He felt the sense of his own freedom somewhat irksome. Perhaps his word of Garve had cast its shadow on his spirit. On the few occasions when he had visited his ancestral towers a chill had seemed to fall on him as he entered the dark pine avenue that led to the door of Garve. Whether it came from his father's presence or from the trees he could never tell. He was beginning to know that the penalty of freedom is loneliness.

A thought suddenly came to him, and he reeled up his line and moved quickly down stream. When he came forth into the open, he was seen to be a goodly youth. He looked younger than his years, which were 26. The movement of his limbs revealed a sinewy strength whereof his slight, tall figure when at rest scarce gave promise. The face was dark and pleasant looking, but it was hardly that of a man who might be crossed with impunity. The hazel eyes could on occasion give out a flash of resolution and temper, and the lips under the brown mustache could harden into sour, stern lines.

His long strides quickly brought him to the spot near the neck of the valley where the Black wood runs down to the brink of the river and throws a skirmishing party of gnarled and veteran trees across to the farther bank. The water, instead of roaring and tumbling unceasingly over the rocks in its narrow bed, moves by leaps, with rests between. Below the projecting ledge and the writhing fir roots the turbid eddies and swirls of the river are full of whirling, untroubled trout. The trout spins dizzily all day long. There the trout love to lie, and the most noted of the pools on the Garryval was that in which the old bull trout had taken up his quarters. It was said that he had been known for a generation to haunt this spot. Marvellous tales were told of the size and cunning of this specimen of the Salmo ferax. Every lure had been employed to capture him, but fly and bait, and even hand net and "leister," had all been tried in vain. From his favorite shelter under a great stone this leviathan of the burn seemed to laugh at the attempts to put a hook into him, but the old bull trout, at length the country people had come to regard him and his pool with a feeling of fear and awe. He had inherited in their eyes some of the attributes of his predecessor, the waterkelpie. It was impossible to take him. It was dangerous to try.

The great trout, it seemed, was not at home, or he sulked in his watery cave, scornfully regardless of the rod back fly that so persistently lit and skimmed on the water over his nose. At least he made no sign. Meanwhile time passed, and the sun rose higher. The light forced its way everywhere save to the shadowy side of the pool. To the ear of the fisher the hoarse, monotonous chant of the falling waters seemed to be broken now and again by a low chuckle of laughter, as if some eldritch thing that mocked his efforts. Still, he had no intention of abandoning his quest, and he had a new lure. Hardly had he made a fresh cast when he became aware of two figures watching him from the bank behind. One was a big man, with a beard like a wispy of dry heather, clad in rough Harris tweeds—unmistakably a gillie or gamekeeper. He carried a fishing rod and basket and was evidently in attendance on the slim and upright little lady at his side. Though the water was his, in the legal sense and in the sporting, Fergus felt impelled to have been to eode the place to the lady and to move elsewhere. But the giant trout gave him no choice. Our fathers believe that there is a magic in clothing passes and in woven paces, especially when made over running water, that is strong enough to conjure the fish from the flood and even the stars from the sky. Perhaps the rod and the feet, helped by the will of the fisher, had unconsciously wrought this spell of power and drawn the leviathan from his lair. Be this as it may, there were in the pool a sudden rush and a mighty splash, and the line ran out with a scream.

"It's either the trout or the devil," muttered the angler as he bent all his thought and skill to playing his unruly victim and keeping him clear of the rocks. Had his mind been less engrossed in his task he might almost have heard what was being spoken behind him.  
"Somebody has got before us, Sandy," said the heiress of Drumbrane in a vexed voice. She, too, had leaped forth that morning bent on making a prey of the great trout.  
"Nae doot ane o' these cockney visitors frae the Clachmure hotel, Miss Elsie," said Sandy responded in tones of pronounced disgust. "Do they think wi' their bits o' permits they hae the wyle o' the hall water?" Does he ken he's trespassin'?"  
With Sandy Tosh to "trespass" was more heinous than to commit the seven deadly sins.

"He has spoiled our day. He has taken a great liberty," spoke Sandy's mistress, looking down with sparkling eyes of disfavor on the stranger.

"Dagor him, he's done waur. He's bookit or his trout," cried the gillie in uncontrollable excitement as he witnessed with great leaps down to the bottom of action, followed by the lady.  
Fergus Grahame was in the critical part of his struggle with the fish when a wistful voice at his elbow shouted:  
"Put up your rod, my man, an clear awa' o' this."  
Hardly taking in the sense of the words, he called out fiercely over his shoulder:  
"Hold your confounded noise, can't you? Don't you see I've got the trout on the hook?"  
At the same moment a hand was laid roughly on the collar of his coat. There was a sudden jerk, and the fish broke away, carrying with it book and gut.  
Fergus dropped the rod and wheeled about in a white fury, and the huge Highlander, taking utterly unawares by the sword caught, found himself in an instant the abut over the edge of the book into the depths of the Kelpie's pool. The young laird of Garve gazed after him till he saw

him clamber on to the submerged bowlder underneath which his great trout made his retreat. The rocks were too steep and slippery to be climbed by a drenched and unweary man. Sandy Tosh waist deep in the water could merely cling to them desperately, swearing and loudly calling for help in English and Gaelic and glancing behind him into the mysterious depths of the pool, as much in superstitious terror as in bodily fear.

Fergus Grahame faced about again to confront a new antagonist. The hot blood of her race flushed Elsie Stewart's cheeks. The fire of battle was in her eyes. Her hand was held aloft. Her hands were tightly clenched. Had a spear been in her grasp she would have run him through.  
"You coward! You murderer!" she cried, stamping her little foot on the rock. Grahame was now quite cool. He looked straight and steadily into her eyes. Never had a woman seemed so fair in his sight.

"Your man is quite safe in his snare," he said quietly.  
"And indeed Sandy's bellow was easily heard above the roar of the lin."  
She made to pass him and to scramble down to the water's edge to the rescue of her clamorous henchman, but her woman's skirts were a hopeless impediment.

"Permit me, Miss Stewart," said the importunate young man. "I'll gaff him for you in a moment."  
With a skillful but not too gentle hand Sandy was gaffed by the collar and brought floundering and gasping to the bank as if he had been the big trout himself. He rose upright, with the water streaming from his clothes and his great beard forming a pool at his feet, and stood waiting for a signal from his young mistress, irresolute whether to fight or fly. Fergus Grahame settled the matter.

"Run up to Garve House and get a change of clothes as a drink. There's half a sovereign for sister waiting and your fright. Do you know, man," he added, with a touch of malice, "that you've been guilty of trespass as well as assault?"  
At the word "trespass" Sandy Tosh quailed and disappeared in the direction of the drum.

The anger had not fled from the eyes of the Miss of Drumbrane. Into them, however, had come some confusion.  
"You are the trespasser, sir," she said proudly.  
"You are welcome to fish and walk where you like on Garve, Miss Stewart," he replied composedly. "But I think you will find that I am standing on my own ground."

The young laird strode home less fancy free than before. A new presence seemed to haunt the vistas of the Black wood—a face fair and proud, eyes menacing and scornful that might yet kindle with the light of love. He had been barked in his wish to bring home the great trout. Now he was setting forth on a longer and more ticklish quest.

As for Elsie, she was left sole mistress of the field of quarrel, but she and vexed at heart. What was this young man that he should have tripped up, along with the heels of her gillie, her manly companion and taken from her a woman's dearest privilege—the right of the last word? It was hopeless any longer to think of seeking the wily guardian of the pool when the stranger had failed. There was that in the bull trout's jaw that would keep him from rising to fly for many a day.

Next morning saw her pony at the office door, in the main street of Clachmure, of the "old writer," who was agent and local adviser for the family of Drumbrane, as well as for Garve and for other properties around. She got small comfort.  
"Sandy Tosh may think his stars that he got off with a ducking and a drubbing," said the lawyer dryly. The ground is Garve's. The question has been fought with sharp steel by the waterside and with counsel's tongues in the court of session, and there is no longer room for doubt."

"But I have stood there and fished scores of times," objected Miss Stewart of Drumbrane, "and the old laird has watched me when he thought I did not see him and never said a word."  
"Naturally you are your mother's own image, forbye having her quick temper, and this lad, if I am not mistaken, has a good swack of his father's doorness. You know that 30 years ago Garve and Drumbrane were to have joined acres and fortunes?"

"I have heard something. Tell me about it."  
"The marriage day was fixed when they quarrelled beside the Kelpie's pool, their trying place. What the quarrel was about there is no one that knows unless it be the big trout of the spirit of mischief. But neither would make it up, and they went their several ways. Your mother married her cousin, and Norman Grahame went abroad for his wife."

"And evil came of it," murmured the girl, her bright eyes clouding and dimming with memory.  
"Nay, there was one very charming result," was the gallant response.  
Elsie was silent for a little. Then a whimsical thought came into her head:  
"Then this young man narrowly escaped being my brother?"

"He no doots better pleased with things as they are."  
"That is not a compliment to me, Mr. Falconer," said Miss Stewart of Drumbrane, willfully misunderstanding.  
The courtly old lawyer saw his fair client to the door. As he helped her to mount there was the rattle of wheels converging along the Clachmure causeway. Young Grahame drove past, sitting in a high trap behind his swift stepping mare. He raised his whip arm in salutation to the factor and glanced with suppressed eagerness at his companion. At last came his reward. She bowed slightly and smiled. The eyes of the old friend of the family followed them as they went their different ways. When she had ridden a few paces, the lady, as if moved by some will more powerful than her own, turned her head and looked after the chariot. He, too, was gazing backward, while his mare pranced and curved to the peril of the gas lamps and windows of Clachmure, his whip raised aloft as if it were another wishing wand. Then the shrewd man of affairs smiled in his turn.

"The quarrel has come first. All will go well," he said to himself.  
So also said Clachmure, spying from the windows on the street, where the beginning of a love story and the end of a feud are not seen every day.—London Black and White.

**Other Insects in Ants' Nests.**  
It is certain that ants intentionally sanction the residence of certain insects in their nests. This is the case, for instance, with the curious blind beetle, claviger, which is absolutely dependent upon ants, as Muller first pointed out. It even seems to have lost the power of feeding itself. At any rate it is habitually fed by the ants, who supply it with nourishment, as they do one another.

A torpedo progresses at the rate of 28 miles an hour.  
**How to Prevent Croup.**  
We have two children who are subject to attacks of croup. Whenever an attack is coming on my wife gives them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it always prevents the attack. It is a household necessity in this county and no matter what else we run out of, it would not do to be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. More of it is sold here than of all other cough medicines combined.—J. M. NICKLE, of Nickle Bros., merchants, Nickleville, Pa. For sale by A. C. Ireland.



It is sad and disappointing for a father to rear a son, spend hard-earned money for his education, and work to insure him an advantageous start in life, and build castles in the air about the boy's future, only to have him killed off in the early years of manhood by the dread disease consumption.  
Until recent years consumption was considered an incurable disease. Now it is known to tens of thousands that Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent of all cases if taken in the early stages of the disease. It also cures bronchitis, laryngitis, throat and nasal troubles and all allied diseases of the air-passages. It is the best blood-maker and flesh-builder, the best general tonic and nerve restorative. It gives a keen edge to the appetite, corrects the impaired digestion, promotes the production of chyle in the lower stomach, or intestines, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It builds up new, firm, muscular tissues of health. It strengthens the heart's action, promotes the circulation of the blood to every part of the body and deepens the breathing, thus supplying the blood with vitalizing oxygen. Thousands have testified to its merits. The dealer who offers something else "just as good" is dishonest.

"I never was very strong and then I had La Grippe," writes Mrs. Grace G. Smith, of 250 15th St., Salem, Oregon. "I had a cough and a cold and a headache and I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two of 'Pleasant Pellets.' I have better health now than for many years."

Twenty-one one-cent stamps cover the mailing of a paper-covered copy of Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth-bound, 5 stamps. Send to Dr. J. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Further Particulars Demanded.**  
Young man, said the young woman's father, you have boasted several times that you possess an honored name.  
Yes, sir, replied the foreign suitor, laughingly.  
Well, may I inquire what bank it will be honored at and for how much?

**Sundry Coincidences.**  
First Stranger on railway train—So you are selling Prof. Black's new book, are you? Strange coincidence. I am Prof. Black.  
Second Stranger—That so? Then you wrote the very book I am agent for?  
Yes, the hardest work I ever did was writing that book.

Well, well! That's another strange coincidence. The hardest work I ever did was trying to sell it.  
**Triennial Conclave Knights Templar, Pittsburgh, Pa., October 10-14, 1898.**  
For the above occasion the Santa Fe route will place on sale tickets to Pittsburgh and return for the round trip, (\$50.50), dates of sale October 6 and 7, good for return passage until October 31. Side rates to Washington, D. C., Baltimore, M. D., and Gettysburg, Pa., at a rate of \$8.00 for the round trip.  
For further particulars call on agents of the Santa Fe route.  
H. S. LUTZ, Agent,  
W. J. BLACK, G. P. A.,  
Topeka, Kas.

**Publication Notice.**  
Territory of New Mexico, ss.  
County of Santa Fe, ss.  
In the District Court, First Judicial District.  
Edward L. Bartlett,  
vs.  
The Mexican Southeastern Railroad Company, No. 3921.  
formerly the Mexican and Guatemala Colonization and Railroad Company, et al.

To the creditors of the Mexican Southeastern Railroad Company:  
You are hereby notified, under and by virtue of an order of court duly entered in the above entitled cause, at the City of Santa Fe, Territory of New Mexico, on the Seventeenth day of September, 1898, you are required to file in due and proper form, duly verified with the undersigned, either at his office, 100 Washington Street, City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, or at the office of the clerk of the district court, First Judicial District of the Territory of New Mexico, at the City of Santa Fe, all claims and demands held by you against the Mexican Southeastern Railroad, on or before January 2, 1899; and you are further notified that under and by virtue of said order of court, all claims not filed with said Receiver, in accordance with this notice, on or before January 2, 1899, are by said court ordered to be barred and excluded from any participation in the assets that shall come to the hands of the receiver.  
HENRY W. LEMAN,  
Receiver.

**HAVE YOU READ THESE BOOKS?**  
They are devoted to the wonderful sights and scenes, and special reports of tourists and healthseekers, in the GREAT WEST.  
Though published by a Railway Company.

**The Santa Fe Route.**  
they are literary and artistic productions designed to create among travelers a better appreciation of the attractions of our own country.  
Mailed free to any address on receipt of postage, as indicated:  
"A COLORADO SUMMER," 50 pp., 64 illustrations, 3 cts.  
"GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER," 32 pp., 13 illustrations, 3 cts.  
"HEALTH RESORTS OF NEW MEXICO," 30 pp., 13 illustrations, 3 cts.  
"HEALTH RESORTS OF ARIZONA," 72 pp., 15 illustrations, 3 cts.  
"THE WINDS OF SPRINGS AND VICINITY," 18 pp., 3 illustrations, 2 cts.  
"TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK," 178 pp., 150 illustrations, 5 cts.

**W. J. BLACK,**  
G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Topeka, Kas.

**Homesaker's Excursions.**  
From all principal points in the east homesaker's tickets will be on sale at one fare plus 25¢ for the round trip, to all points on the A. T. & S. F. Ry., Santa Fe Pacific and Southern Pacific R. R. Tickets will be on sale October 4 and 18, November 1, November 15, December 6, December 20. Good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within 21 days from date of sale. For particulars call on agents of the Santa Fe route.  
H. S. LUTZ, Agent,  
Santa Fe, N. M.

**W. J. BLACK, G. P. A.,**  
Topeka, Kas.

To Denver and return, \$10.25, October 3, 4, 5, Santa Fe Route.

## OUR GLORIOUS CLIMATE.

Santa Fe Enjoys a Most Equable and Cool Summer Temperature and Moderate Winters.

## COMPARISONS FAVOR SANTA FE GREATLY

Only Ten Per Cent of Cloudy Days Per Annum in This Favored Locality—Sunshine Nearly All the Time.

New Mexico lies at the point where the Rocky mountains lose that characteristic individuality which they have preserved as a distinctive feature from within the Arctic circle to Colorado and almost throughout that state. Heretofore they have been a range or a broad series of parallel ranges exhibiting lofty peaks and passes at altitudes so great as to lie further skyward than many vaulted alpine summits. But when the oblate has reached its final great effort of elevation in Pike's Peak it rapidly loses its massive character and with astonishing rapidity sinks to rolling hills and spreads out on mesas of altitude still great but of even and gentle slopes.

Viewed by the aid of its contours of altitude New Mexico appears as a plain raised to the height of 5,000 feet, broken but by two systems of greater elevations and interrupted by lesser ones only on the eastern and southern faces. Nearly three-fourths of the territory is included within the contour of 5,000 feet. All that part of the territory which lies above the 7,000 feet contour is rugged mountains of precipitous slope and deeply scored faces. Their climatic purpose is to extract the rain from the atmosphere for the benefit of the lower levels; they do more than this, for the rain carries away the disintegrating rock to enrich the plateau and the valley beneath. Arizona faces the prevailing humid wind and opposes to it a flight of steps; New Mexico is almost entirely on the leeward side of the mountain ranges and exposes a minimum of bluff surface to the wind. Hence arise different climatic conditions.

The elevation of the barometer station at Santa Fe is 6,998 above mean tide of the Gulf of Mexico, and the barometer stands above the base of the monument in the main plaza, so that the altitude of Santa Fe is approximately 6,967 feet above sea level. A resume of the records for 23 years shows that great extremes in temperature are seldom reached, the lowest recorded temperature being 18 degrees below zero in January, 1888, and the highest 96 in July, 1878, in Santa Fe.

During the present decade the highest absolute temperature has not exceeded 90 degrees, and in a comparison of these temperatures with extremes of the more humid sections of the eastern states and the Mississippi valley the extreme dryness of the air must be considered. That the heat experienced by the human body is some 10 to 15 degrees less than that shown by the metallic thermometer, a temperature of 90 degrees in the shade at Santa Fe being about equal to 78 degrees in St. Louis.

The following table taken from the reports of the climate and crop service of the bureau will give a general idea of the relative intensity of heat as indicated by the metallic thermometer.

Stations.	Mean Temperature.				Relative Humidity.
	8 a. m.		8 p. m.		
	Absolute.	Sensible.	Absolute.	Sensible.	
Boston.....	50	56	62	58	79
Buffalo.....	49	54	62	56	71
Chicago.....	49	53	62	56	72
Cincinnati.....	50	56	63	60	70
Denver.....	61	48	67	54	57
Des Moines.....	53	61	60	56	67
Detroit.....	58	53	61	56	78
Galveston.....	75	74	81	74	79
Kansas City.....	58	55	61	57	61
Memphis.....	66	61	77	66	66
New Orleans.....	74	71	79	72	79
New York.....	61	58	65	60	80
Philadelphia.....	64	59	68	61	72
St. Louis.....	61	58	70	63	77
Santa Fe.....	62	47	68	52	56
Santa Francisco.....	56	54	59	56	74
San Francisco.....	56	54	59	56	74
Washington.....	64	60	68	63	78

It will be observed that the difference is less than that given in comparison first above noted. This demonstrates the decrease in the difference between the absolute and sensible temperature as the intensity of heat becomes less, until in midwinter, the difference is slight and low temperatures are therefore fairly comparable.

The thermal conditions, especially in summer, are not what might be expected at this latitude, owing to the environment. The average temperature during the summer months is about 67 degrees, about the temperature of the upper lake region, while in winter it is about the same as that of the Ohio valley. "It is much cooler in summer than any other point, (covered by the records of the bureau), in the same latitude in the United States, and cooler than most stations with a latitude of less than 41 to 42 degrees. It is the extreme southern point of the cool region of the United States."

The following table shows the annual extremes in temperature, rainy days, the percentage of sunshine and number of at number of selected stations, representative of the different sections of our country:

Stations.	Temperature.		Precipitation.	Percentage Sunshine.	No. Days.
	Maximum.	Minimum.			
Boston.....	97	-1	56.36	42	123
Buffalo.....	86	-9	52.35	38	130
Chicago.....	85	-12	49.47	37	126
Cincinnati.....	87	-4	40.84	42	128
Des Moines.....	86	-14	46.14	41	109
Denver.....	100	-11	16.27	64	107
Galveston.....	100	-11	66.27	44	90
Kansas City.....	100	-11	35.40	47	125
Memphis.....	100	-11	64.54	42	107
New Orleans.....	100	-11	74.15	40	109
New York.....	100	-11	49.13	41	114
Philadelphia.....	100	-11	42.84	42	111
St. Louis.....	100	-11	42.84	42	111
Santa Fe.....	100	-11	16.27	64	107
Washington.....	100	-11	42.84	42	111

From this table it will be seen that Santa Fe excels not only in sunshine and number of cloudless days, but that her climate is more equable than others given in the table—the annual range of temperature being 89 degrees. There is a greater disparity in sunshine also than would appear from the figures given in that the monthly percentages of the Mississippi valley states, notably St. Louis, the largest percentages of sunshine occurred during the summer months, when it is not such a great desideratum, while at Santa Fe, the greatest monthly percentage (64) occurred in November. The average number hours of sunshine at Santa Fe every day for a period of five years is 7.9—a record not excelled anywhere in the United States so far as the records of the weather bureau show.

Mountain and Plain, Denver, October 4, 5 and 6, Santa Fe Route, \$10.25.

**NEW MEXICO REPORTS**  
Delivered by NEW MEXICAN at publishers price, \$3.30 per vol.

## The . . .

## MAXWELL LAND GRANT,

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Well watered and with good shelter, interspersed with fine ranches suitable for raising grain and fruits—in size of tracts to suit purchasers.

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